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THE HORN BOOK

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THE HORN BOOK

Volume III FEBRUARY, 1927 *Number 1*

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THE ONGOING SHIP

With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it show'd;
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,
Some veering up and down, one knew not why.
A goodly vessel did I then espy
Come like a giant from a haven broad;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.
This ship was nought to me, nor I to her,
Yet I pursued her with a lover's look;
This ship to all the rest did I prefer:
When will she turn, and whither? She will brook
No tarrying; where she comes the winds must stir;
On went she, and due north her journey took.

William Wordsworth

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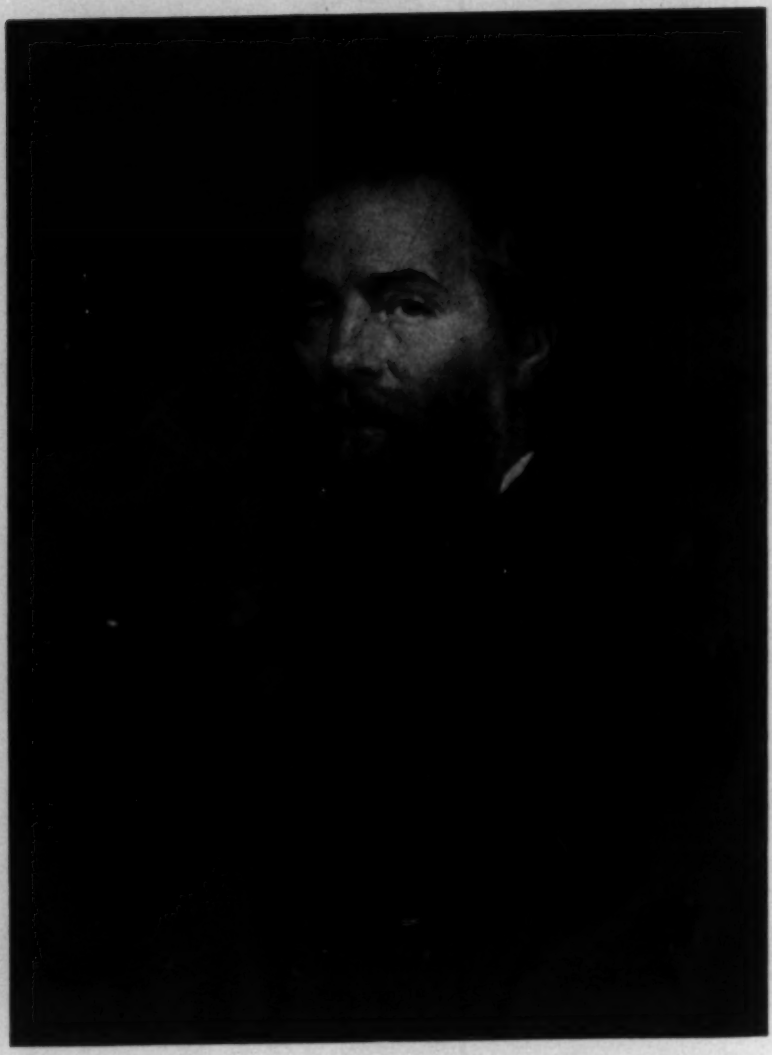

Herman Melville

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THE HORN BOOK

Volume III FEBRUARY, 1927 *Number 1*

A PILGRIM BY LAND AND SEA

By Eleanor Melville Metcalf

SOME forty odd years ago there lived in New York an old man. He happened to be my grandfather, but that was just a piece of luck for me. He lived in a quiet street off of Fourth Avenue; and many a summer morning he must have been waked by the "clop, clop" of sleepy hoofs and the long nasal cry of "ad-s-h-e-e-e-s!" — for there were no automobile horns then to drown the call to buy radishes or cabbages, suspenders or collar buttons from the numerous street venders.

His room was on the front of the house and looked north to a row of three-storeyed brick houses with long front steps and a basement entrance like his own. It was rather dark in spite of three windows, and it looked darker by reason of a black iron bed covered with dull flowered chintz, and walls lined with tall book-cases, from the tops of which peered dusty plaster heads of ancient deities and mighty men of thought. There was also a massive mahogany desk and a broad table piled with papers, and a little black grate for a coal fire of a bleak winter's day. Here he lived in company with the sages, poets, devils, giants, warriors, heroes, saints and wits of all the ages. Yet he was lonely. To the people of his day he seemed not altogether sociable.

Those of his household were his wife, his invalid daughter, and generally an Irish cook of the legendary hot-tempered sort — though she changed faces almost as fast as the seasons. His wife (a perfect grandmother, let me tell you) occupied a room next to his. She was gentle and long-suffering, and must often have wondered what he was thinking about. His daughter lived upstairs in a cold dark-red room. She was a mischief-loving and merry aunt to me.

If you climbed the stairs, which curved about a bit and had a sky-light overhead, you had to pass some rather terrific pictures

hanging on the cracked walls. They were so high above your head, most of them, that the full terror of them did not grip you till you stood in the top-storey hall and looked over the railing. Then the light from above shone down upon them, and in the wildest scene of all "both jaws, like an enormous shears, sliding further aft, bit the craft completely in twain, and locked themselves fast again in the sea, midway between two floating wrecks." This whale was not white. But he belonged to the same fierce race as Moby Dick, and I have no doubt that the gray-haired man in his youth had been one of "the crew at the stern wreck clinging to the gunwales, and striving to hold fast to the oars to lash them across."

You are right. The old man was Herman Melville — Herman Melville in his slippered, arm-chair days. But if you have read *Typee, Omoo,* and *Moby Dick,* you know something of his days of "shoes and ships"; for he was a pilgrim by land and sea — not an adventurer gone out to see the world, but a pilgrim in search of the Regal Soul.

He once wrote to Nathaniel Hawthorne, "Think of it! To go down to posterity is bad enough, anyway; but to go down as a 'man who lived among the cannibals!' When I think of posterity in reference to myself, I mean only the babes who will probably be born in the moments immediately ensuing upon my giving up the ghost. I shall go down to them, in all likelihood. *Typee* will be given to them, perhaps, with their gingerbread."

So the new illustrated *Typee* may have been given to you — full of the sugar and spice of the South Seas — like the gingerbread. But do not grieve the shade of Herman Melville by tarrying over long among the cannibals. He even wrote other tales that are not bad at supper time. Of them a little later. But if they offer you *Moby Dick* in that way (even with colored pictures) tell them as courteously as you can, but boldly if you must, that you understand White Whale flesh does not go well with gingerbread, and that you might not "behave mannerly at table." No, there is more rich stuff in *Moby Dick* than you, or most of us, yet dream of — and you can't harpoon him with a fork.

But there is *Redburn* now. Do you know *Redburn?* That is John Masefield's favorite. He calls it "a boy's book about run-

ning away to sea." To be quite truthful, it is not that, because he did not run away. But it is an account of his first ocean trip when he was seventeen as "boy" on board the *Highlander,* a fast sailing packet carrying passengers and freight from New York to Liverpool.

He left his home up the Hudson heavy-hearted, without enough money for his fare to New York, arrived hungry and penniless, secured a place on the sailing vessel with the help of his brother's friend, exchanged an old fowling piece for a little stationery, a red woolen shirt, a tarpaulin hat, a belt and jack-knife, and two or three trifles.

Any romantic ideas he had about shipping as a sailor were clipped at once by the chief mate when he went aboard the *Highlander,* clad in his brother's old shooting jacket and carrying his little bundle of extras.

"'Ashore with you, you young loafer! There's no stealings here: sail away, I tell you, with that shooting jacket!'

"Upon this I retreated, saying that I was going out in the ship as a sailor.

"'A sailor!' he cried, 'a barber's clerk, you mean; *you* going out in the ship? What, in that jacket? Hang me, I hope the old man hasn't been shipping any more greenhorns like you — he'll make a shipwreck of it if he has. But this is the way nowadays: to save a few dollars in seamen's wages, they think nothing of shipping a parcel of farmers and clod-hoppers and baby-boys. What's your name, Pillgarlic?'

"'Redburn,' said I.

"'A pretty handle to a man, that; scorch you to take hold of it; haven't you got any other?'

"'Wellingborough,' said I.

"'Worse yet. Who had the baptizing of ye? Why didn't they call you Jack, or Jill, or something short and handy? But I'll baptize you over again! D'ye hear, sir, henceforth your name is *Buttons.* And now do you go, Buttons, and clean out that pig-pen in the long-boat; it has not been cleaned out since last voyage. And bear a hand about it, d'ye hear; there's them pigs there waiting to be put in: come, be off about it now.'

"Was this then the beginning of my sea career? Set to clearing out a pig-pen, the very first thing?

"But I thought it best to say nothing; I had bound myself to orders, and it was too late to retreat."

So Redburn (or Melville) goes on to tell his experiences at sea and ashore — for he had six weeks in Liverpool and London before shipping home again.

". . . I, Wellingborough Redburn, chance to survive, after having passed through far more perilous scenes than any narrated in this, *My First Voyage* — which here I end." You see, Melville wrote *Redburn* after the adventures recounted in *Typee* and *Omoo*.

Typee is the book of the cannibals; and he knew them personally, as you do the neighbors on your street — Kory-Kory, his "savage valet, covered all over with representations of birds and fishes, and a variety of most unaccountable-looking creatures," suggesting to him "the idea of a pictorial museum, or an illustrated copy of Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*"; Kory-Kory's mother, "a genuine busy-body . . . poking into every corner, and rummaging over bundles of tappa, or making a prodigious clatter among the calabashes"; Mehevi, the chief, "a superb looking warrior" who became arbiter of Melville's fate; "the beauteous nymph, Fayaway" — and many more.

"'Why, they are cannibals!' said Toby, on one occasion when I eulogized the tribe.

"'Granted,' I replied, 'but a more humane, gentlemanly, and amiable set of epicures do not probably exist in the Pacific.'"

Nevertheless he left them to become a wanderer again with one Dr. Long Ghost, whom he fell in with aboard the *Julia*, a brave little, plump little barque, "Yankee-built and very old." And in *Omoo* (which means *The Wanderer*) you may read of his imprisonment in the Calabooza Beretanee (the English Jail) of Tahiti and his further rovings in the Society Islands. Native and foreigner had sadly mixed old customs and new, till it took a deal of pity and humor to write of their garbled life. *Omoo* abounds in both.

Some day you may care to know how he came home around Cape Horn as a sailor in a man-of-war. *White Jacket* will tell you. And in *White Jacket* you will read of gallant Jack Chase, captain of the main-top, the man of all men who most won his heart in this world. Melville never saw or heard of him again, but in old age he dedicated *Billy Budd*, the last story he ever wrote, to the friend of his early admiration. Some day, if you make a loud enough clamor, *Billy Budd* may appear in the book shops.

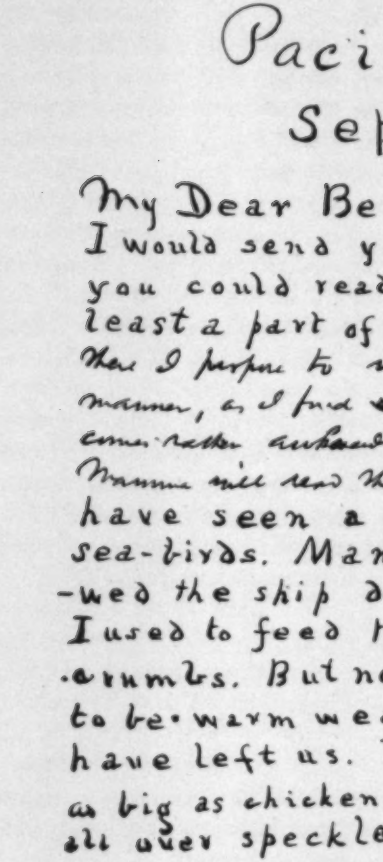
But the publishers have not got round to it yet — except in a beautiful and costly set of Melville.

There is another tale that has nothing to do with Melville's own adventures over this watery world. My twelve-year-old boy read it last summer with gusto. *Israel Potter* is the story of an American prisoner of war in England during the Revolution. Through its pages of rapid events walk John Paul Jones, Benjamin Franklin and Ethan Allen. Even the Man-in-the-Moon himself appears at the battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*, "as much as to say, Gentlemen Warriors, permit me a little to light up this rather gloomy-looking subject."

There may be reprinted one day another book — *Piazza Tales*, containing six short stories. If so, take a try at *Benito Cereno*, if your curiosity is aroused by the appearance of a strange, neglected vessel "in the harbor of St. Marie — a small, desert, uninhabited island toward the southern extremity of the long coast of Chile." This happened in 1799 to Captain Amasa Delano, of Duxbury, who had stopped there for water. The whole story is a baffling mystery till near the very end — when you will be as much surprised as Captain Delano himself.

I suppose you would like to know how Herman Melville came to be living in a quiet street in New York after all his stirring adventures; but that is another story — a story of long, brooding years after he had married, farmed it in Pittsfield, written his several books, and lived on to be forgotten in his old age.

Once, when his children were little, he went on a voyage around Cape Horn as a passenger in his brother's clipper ship. This is a letter he wrote home to one of them.



Pacific Ocean
Sep. 2d 1860

My Dear Bessie: I thought I would send you a letter, that you could read yourself — at least a part of it. But here and there I purpose to write in the usual manner, as I find the pitching style comes rather awkwardly in a rolling ship. Mamma will read them part to you. We have seen a good many sea-birds. Many have follo--wed the ship day after day. I used to feed them with crumbs. But now it has got to be warm weather, the birds have left us. They we about as big as chickens — they were all over speckled — and they would

sometimes, during a calm, keep behind the ship, fluttering about in the water, with a mighty cackling, and whenever anything was thrown overboard they would hurry to get it. But they never would light on the ship. They kept all the time flying or else resting themselves by floating on the water like ducks in a pond. These birds have no home, unless it is some wild rocks in the middle of the ocean. They never see any orchards, and have a taste of the apples and cherries, like your gay little friend in Pittsfield, Robin Red Breast, Esq. — I could tell you a good many more things about the sea, but I defer the rest till I get home.

I hope you are a good girl; and give Mama no trouble. Do you help Mama keep house?

That little bag you made for me, I use very often, and think of you every time.

I suppose you have had a good many walks on the hill, and picked the strawberries.

I hope you take good care of little

FANNY

and that when you go on the hill, you go this way.

Kate is to say, how do you do.

By-by

Papa.

And the following is part of a letter to his eldest son, who was then eleven years old.

"Pacific Ocean.
On the line, Sep. 16th, 1860.

"My dear Malcolm:

". . . The other day we saw a whale-ship; and I got into the boat and sailed over the ocean in it to the whale-ship, and stayed there about an hour. They had eight or ten of the wild people aboard. The Captain of the whale-ship had hired them at one of the islands called Rarotonga. He wanted them to help pull in the whale-boat when they hunt the whale. — Uncle Tom's crew are now very busy making the ship look smart for San Francisco. They are tarring the rigging, and are going to paint the ship,

and the masts and the yards. She looks very rusty now, owing to so much bad weather that we have been in. — When we get to San Francisco, I shall put this letter in the post office there, and you will get it in about twenty-five days afterwards. It will go in a steamer to a place called Panama, on the Isthmus of Darien (get out your map, and find it). Then it will cross the Isthmus by railroad to Aspinwall or Chagres on the Gulf of Mexico; there another steamer will take it, which steamer, after touching at Havana in Cuba for coals, will go direct to New York; and there, it will go to the post office, and so, get to Pittsfield.

"I hope that, when it arrives, it will find you well, and all the family. And I hope that you have called to mind what I said to you about your behavior previous to my going away. I hope that you have been obedient to your mother, and helped her all you could, and saved her trouble. Now is the time to show what you are — whether you are a good honourable boy, or a good-for-nothing one. Any boy, of your age, who disobeys his mother, or worries her, or is disrespectful to her — such a boy is a poor, shabby fellow; and if you know any such boys, you ought to cut their acquaintance.

"Now, my Dear Malcolm, I must finish my letter to you. I think of you, and Stanwix and Bessie and Fanny very often; and often long to be with you. But it cannot be at present. The picture which I have of you and the rest, I look at sometimes, till the faces almost seem real. — Now, my Dear Boy, good-bye and God bless you.

Your affectionate father,

H. Melville."

— "Yet Ahab's larger, darker, deeper part remains unhinted." — So does Melville's.

You'll say it's great to be his granddaughter — to remember springtime trips with him to Central Park, to feel now the crisp curl of his square-chopped beard, even to cherish bits of his sealing-wax in the old desk that was his — this, and much more of *memories* and *things*. Yet all this is next to nothing.—A pilgrim he was by land and sea, — aye, a pilgrim from rock-ribbed sea to unnamed star.

"Ah mortal! in all this din of the great world's loom, thy subtlest thinkings may be overheard afar. . . . Through all the thick mists of the dim doubts in my mind, divine intuitions now and then shoot, enkindling my fog with a heavenly ray."

"After it, follow it, follow the gleam" — you young souls who can! The children of the kindred have no start of you. And though "the whole world boomed before the wind," crying aloud to adventurous youth, and though were caught and killed a firmament of whales, no vision would be yours of "long rows of angels in paradise, each with his hands in a jar of spermacetti" — no vision beyond the barreled oil without the unuttered quest of the kingly soul.

"But how easy and how hopeless to teach these fine things! Of erections, how few are domed like St. Peter's! Of creatures, how few vast as the whale!"

Yet another, and a greater, than ourselves, may enkindle the fire that leaps over the face of our old world, touching its children, now here, now afar, with unearthly lustre.

"The blood of a Polar bear is warmer than that of a Borneo negro in summer. . . . O man! admire and model thyself after the whale! Do thou, too, remain warm among ice. Do thou, too, live in this world without being of it. Be cool at the Equator: keep thy blood fluid at the Pole. Like the great dome of St. Peter's, and like the great whale, retain, O man! in all seasons a temperature of thine own."

There is much to write about *Moby Dick* — but best try your own mettle on it.

There is much to write about Herman Melville; but you will know him best if you search him out, from deep gorge to lofty summit, with your own lamp a light unto your feet.

"Amid the tornadoed Atlantic of my being, do I myself still forever centrally disport in mute calm; and while ponderous planets of unwaning woe revolve round me, deep down and deep inland there I still bathe me in eternal mildness of joy."

SHIPS AND SEA-FARING

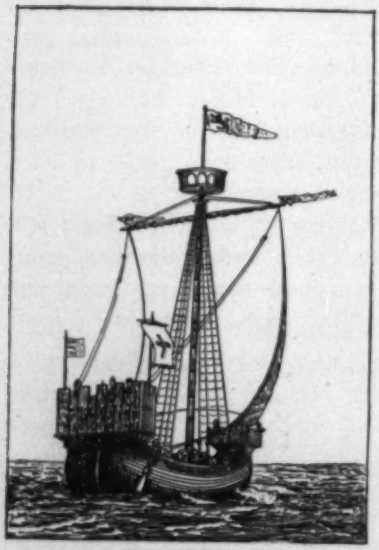
A SHORT BOOK LIST

Early Sea-Roving

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE ON HIS TRAVELS

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO (the Venetian) *Boni*
Revised from Marsden's Translation and edited with introduction by Manuel Komroff.

NOBLE ENGLISH. Henry Newbolt. Vol. I. *Nelson* $ .60
A selection from the "Travels of Sir John Mandeville" (1322-1356), which tells of the great Chan of Cathay.



A CRUSADERS' SHIP

THE CRUSADES. T. A. Archer and Charles L. Kingsford *Putnam* 2.50

THE ROMANCE OF THE SEA ROVERS. E. Keble Chatterton *Lippincott* 3.00
An account of stirring adventures from the times of the Phoenicians, Egyptians, and Vikings, through the Elizabethan and all other eras of maritime roving down to the present day.

SAILING SHIPS AND THEIR STORY. E. Keble Chatterton *Lippincott* 4.50

THE SHIP UNDER SAIL. E. Keble Chatterton *Lippincott* 4.50
How sail-propelled craft developed from the dug-out to the five-masted barque of the 20th century.

SAILING SHIPS AT A-GLANCE. Edward W. Hobbs *Putnam* 2.50
A pictorial record of the evolution of the sailing ship from earliest times until today.

The Age of Discoveries

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS 3.50
Journal of his first voyage to America.

THE BOOK OF DISCOVERY. M. B. Synge *Putnam* 5.00

THE VOYAGERS: BEING LEGENDS AND HISTORIES OF ATLANTIC DISCOVERY 2.00

HISTORIC SHIPS. Rupert Sargent Holland 3.50
Santa Maria, The Golden Hind, Magellan's Victoria, Hudson's Half-Moon and many others.

Merchant Enterprise on the Sea

A CLIPPER SHIP

THE CLIPPER SHIP ERA (1843-1869). Arthur H. Clark *Putnam* 3.50
American and British clipper ships.

THE LOG OF THE "CUTTY SARK." Basil Lubbock *Lauriat* 5.00

FAIR WINDS AND FOUL. Frederick Perry *Hopkinson* 3.75
A narrative of daily life aboard an American clipper ship.

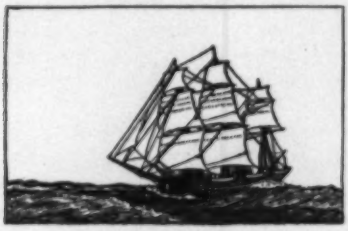
THE BOY'S BOOK OF SHIPS. Charles E. Cartwright *Dutton* 2.00

THE TALE OF OUR MERCHANT SHIPS. Charles E. Cartwright *Dutton* 3.00

THE LOOKOUT MAN. David W. Bone *Harcourt* 2.50

SHIPS AND CARGOES. Joseph Leeming *Doubleday* 2.50

Pursuing the Whale



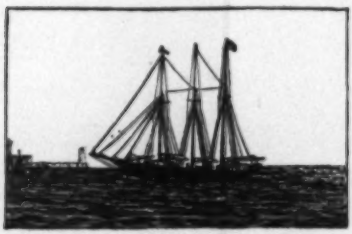
A WHALER

WHALING. Charles Boardman Hawes *Doubleday* 5.00
"Wherein are discussed the first whalemen of whom we have record; the growth of the European whaling industry; . . . the various manners and means of taking whales in all parts of the world and in all times of history. . . ."

NIMROD OF THE SEA OR THE AMERICAN WHALEMAN. William M. Davis *Lauriat* 3.00

THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT AROUND THE WORLD AFTER SPERM WHALES. Frank T. Bullen *Stokes* 2.00

Voyages and Explorations



AN EXPLORATION SHIP

CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES. Edited by Andrew Kippis *Knopf* 3.00

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST. Richard Henry Dana *Houghton* 2.00

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD. Joshua Slocum *Century* 2.00

SHACKLETON'S LAST VOYAGE. THE STORY OF THE QUEST. Commander Frank Wild *Cassell* 10.00

VOYAGES OF CAPTAIN SCOTT. Charles Turley *Dodd* 2.50

UNDER SAIL. Felix Riesenberg *Harcourt* 3.00

Stories of the Sea

(With an apology to Pirates for exclusion)

OUT OF GLOUCESTER. James B. Connolly	*Scribner*	2.00
THE PILOT. James Fenimore Cooper	*Putnam*	2.00
THE MUTINEERS. Charles Boardman Hawes	*Little*	2.00
SHE BLOWS! AND SPARM AT THAT! William John Hopkins	*Houghton*	2.00
WESTWARD HO! Charles Kingsley	*Scribner*	2.50
CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS. Rudyard Kipling	*Doubleday*	1.90
THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK. Jack London	*Macmillan*	2.50
MASTERMAN READY. Frederick Marryat	*Macrae*	1.50
SALT WATER POEMS AND BALLADS. (The Dauber) John Masefield	*Macmillan*	2.50
MOBY DICK. Herman Melville	*Dodd*	3.50
THE CALL OF THE OFF-SHORE WIND. Ralph D. Paine	*Houghton*	2.00
THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR. William Clark Russell	*Dodd*	1.75
ADVENTURES OF A YOUNGER SON. Edward John Trelawney	*Harcourt*	2.50

(The ship illustrations are taken from "Sailing Ships at a Glance," listed above.)

"A QUICK EAR FOR SILVER BELLS"

"Crossroads to Childhood, Books for Middle-Aged Children" by Anne Carroll Moore

"CROSSROADS TO CHILDHOOD" has much for parents, librarians, and teachers, and its book lists for Middle-Aged Children and those in the Teen Age will give joy to any boy or girl, man or woman who likes reading. You revel in the quotations from the books you know and you feel urged to take an immediate vacation to read those you don't know. Here is no alphabetical arrangement by author, title, or subject, but the fullness of life itself in art.

"Voyaging," by Rockwell Kent, "Java Head," by Joseph Hergesheimer, "Far Away and Long Ago," by Hudson, Conrad's "Typhoon," Synge's "Riders to the Sea," the Poetry of Keats and Shelley, Selmar Lagerlof's "Gosta Berling," "Tess of the Durbervilles," Padraic Colum's "Road Round Ireland," Shaw's "Saint Joan," and Edna Ferber's "So Big" are enough to show the breadth of choice. The notes on each are as full of freshness and variety as the books themselves.

"Messer Marco Polo," by Donn Byrne.

"I'll go in and talk to the strange foreign people," said Marco Polo. The love story of Marco Polo and the daughter of Kubla Khan told with the colorfulness of a Celtic imagination.

The reason "Crossroads to Childhood" is so full of pleasure and stimulation for the book-lover is because Miss Moore herself is interested in the whole pattern of life, with a true sense of values, and a feeling for world time. She has a great zest for living and will essay all sorts of contacts where others avoid them. She states her fears as those — "of being dull or commonplace, of boring or being bored, of missing the point, of being earnest or facetious, condescending, theoretical, academic, or artificial." Healthy fears for all of us.

"Nearly everything that happens in novels had happened in the village where I grew up. Here were romance and mystery, beauty and terror, here lived cowards, liars, thieves and adulterers as well as men and women of character and definite achievement. I had seen with my own eyes, heard with my own ears

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and felt with strong feelings of my own the human drama in which I was playing a part long before I was fifteen.

"A frank determination to know all that can happen to human beings in books or in life is quite different from a prurient curiosity. Feeling under the obligation myself, I have never been shocked to find other boys and girls similarly impelled to find out all they can. Tragedy lies, I think, not in knowing too much, but rather in not knowing enough to think things through."

She has herself what she begs for in books "an intellectual honesty and a spiritual clarity." "Every critic," she says, "should try to create something once in a lifetime, regardless of the consequences. It's more difficult than praising or finding fault with the work of other people; it's more fun; it heightens appreciation of all that is admirable in any sincere attempt to tell something new and different in story or pictures; and it enlarges one's sympathies for things which do not 'come off.'"

She took her own advice to critics and wrote "Nicholas, a Manhattan Christmas Story." It was when this book was published that the thought first came to me of Miss Moore's kinship with Walter de la Mare. Both have the power to project themselves into life in miniature. They are also alike in their appreciation of the imaginative world. They both have "quick ears for silver bells." Every small boy would have his fill of Christmas joy who could experience, as does the little Dutch boy, Nicholas, that grand prolongment of the Christmas festival for which children yearn.

Miss Moore found ways of extending it when she was a child, as she tells in the "Crossroads." First of all she discovered St. Nicholas Eve from the reading of "Hans Brinker," and later "Twelfth Night," when she read a one-volume edition of Shakespeare straight through to see if she could do it and what Shakespeare was really like. "Above all, I read cook books old and new. Wherever I could find a cook book, I read its Christmas recipes, and proceeded to try out those which interested me with an abandon and disregard of consequences not commonly associated with New England kitchens."

For years Miss Moore has been in charge of Public Library work for children in the city of New York. In the central children's room and in the children's rooms of the branches I

have visited there has been a colorful richness, — something glowing, which leaves a long and vivid memory. Children seem recognized as definite individuals. And there is understanding and appreciation, too, of the people of other countries who are now a part of our own.

Miss Moore can make quick, unerring contacts with children. I have seen it happen in our own Bookshop and "How did you know?" asked her great-nephew, when she gave him "The Mysterious Island" at nine, "how did you know I should like a *regular* book?"

The Bookshop can bear direct witness in another instance of her true judgment where books and boys and girls are concerned: One day the great-grandson of Herman Melville was in the shop and was given to look at Morton Nance's large book, "Sailing Ship Models." For nearly an hour the boy of eleven pored over the pages, expounding to his father every detail of line and rigging. In her chapter on "Christmas Surprises," Miss Moore writes:—

"Sailing Ship Models" costs twenty-five dollars, but it is worth its weight in gold to any family of growing boys and girls. There are over a hundred illustrations, with a frontispiece in color. R. Morton Nance has made a lifelong study of the old ships as a painter, and his introduction, tracing the evolution of the sailing ship, with his critical notes, diagrams, and sketches of rigging, inform the illustrations with expert knowledge of a fascinating subject.

"Better by far to go through the world without one of the many efforts to corner all knowledge bound in buckram than to miss the joy of such a book as this. I've felt happier ever since I laid eyes on it."

She has always been opposed to tagging books with age limits, and she says in "Crossroads," "Youth always resists the classification of a stratified existence. Infinitely more individual and various are the highly sensitive growing boys and girls who may or may not develop strong group interests than are the gregarious, care-free 'middle-aged children' who have not yet begun to think of life with a Large L, who are not concerned with their subjective emotions, who regard their reading as pure sport and have not yet begun to dig down into books to find

questions leading to the further reaches of the life they would explore."

"Crossroads to Childhood" has some splendid simple things to say about education, and it contains several answers to the over-serious folk who would place "informative" literature, food for brains, before "creative" literature, food for souls. Here is one: "Not by propaganda, nor by speeches, nor by clever new educational devices do children grow wiser and more tolerant; but by the slow and silent and ineradicable influences of art in books, in pictures, in buildings and statues, and by the rarer art of wise leadership and companionship in carrying on the business of life itself without growing bored."

B. E. M.

HOW "TRAVELLING MEN" CAME TO BE WRITTEN

By W. G. Dowsley

Editor's Note: — The nicest thing about having a book magazine is that you can go on talking about a good book as long as there is something new to say. "Travelling Men" is the only book of its kind we know. See page 26 of the November *Horn Book*. It has had distinguished reviews on three continents by such papers as the "London Times," the "Saturday Westminster," and "The Irish Statesman," but in a letter to us, Mr. Dowsley says: "The crown of my delight was the message in a letter from far-off Tipperary which said, 'It is the classic story of Clonmel.'"

WHEN I was a little lad I lived in a little town which, knowing no other, I thought was big and was jealous for. Little it might be but it had its niche in history, for Clonmel was the one stronghold in Ireland which had successfully resisted Cromwell; earlier still, unfortunate Lord Strafford had written to his equally unfortunate monarch, Charles I, praising its school, to which I went; on the top of Slievenaman, the mountain at whose base it nestled, was the throne of Finn-mac-Cool, the hero of Celtic mythology; while great, upright stones where Druids had worshipped, wells that St. Patrick had blessed, brooks that rose in wrath to sweep whole armies of Danes into the sea, and rings where the good people danced nightly were as plentiful as the bluebells that broidered the banks of its shining river.

TWO MILE BRIDGE OVER THE SUIR

That river, the Suir, flowed through my early years, with its deep, unfathomable pools where fearsome "wurrums" dwelt — pools safe to bathe in, however, barring at Samhain when evil things have power; with its weirs up to which the lordly salmon came and each catching its tail in its mouth gave a spring and a leap and threw itself into the upper water and then swam on and you never saw nor heard anything more about it! There were the cots in pairs which tried

to catch them racing under the strange old bridges with nets outspread. The great balks of timber, too, which lay piled up every way on the bank waiting transport to the unknown, played a large part in the life of the small boy who lived hard by, especially when he needed a place to get all by himself and think.

And, little boy as I was, I often did think that when I grew big I might write a story book to show my love for the town and the river. It would have to picture many things but chiefly it should tell of the kindly people we had to do with, whose quaint ways of expressing themselves and whose proverbial sayings were my language, too. It should be written in homely talk such as one heard in the streets on fair days, and should tell of the singing on St. Stephen's Day, when the wren-boys went round to give a heathenish crown to the Christmas festival; of walks with the town-clerk, John Luther, who loved small boys and fishing rods; of the servants' hushed talk in the flagged kitchen about "fairies, pishogues and 'of witches," and of the never-to-be-forgotten night when they came flying down, screaming, four stories from the attics, having heard the Banshee. *I had heard it, too.*

Matters of life and death must have place as well in my story, for the two walked hand in hand in the "Bad Times." There were riots every other day, and murders often. Friends who came to stay were asked by the small boy, as a matter of course, if they had any gunshot wounds to show him.

Often my father (tucked up in a leather rug with crimson lining that served me for the roof of an Indian wigwam when not in use by him), with his pistol cocked for fear lest the driver might lead him into an ambush, set out to cross the bleak Knockmealdowns that separated County Tipperary from the sea. Once, as he delighted to tell, he had succeeded in reaching Dungarvan when the squadron of hussars detailed to escort him

had been driven back helter-skelter. He had crouched down in the shelter of a ditch and had turned his coat inside out as well as disguised himself in some other ways and then had joined the attackers! So those mountains and Dungarvan beyond them should figure in my story, while place might be made, too, for

W. G. DOWSLEY

fearsome men, the "Turks" we called them, dirty, dark people, descended from corsairs, wrecked on the rocky coast in days gone by, who sometimes brought lobsters from beyond the mountains.

Place, too, for the gloomy Court-House (once upon a time, but before my day, used for School Prizegivings) to which I

was often taken to see in the Dock some poor man certain to be hanged. There my father's brother-lawyers, in their queer white wigs, made much of the little boy as he sat among them. How he stared at the pomp and glory of Justice! The cavalry escorting the Judges of Assize; the blare and fanfare of trumpets; the redcoat sentries pacing to and fro; the great black van, guarded by mounted police, which took the condemned back to the gloomy Gaol (with iron spikes atop of the walls and *chevaux de frise* at every corner), to which less than thirty years earlier had been borne in the same black van the last man sentenced in the British Empire to be "hung, drawn and quartered" — the penalty for High Treason. Here, indeed, as the poet Gray, whose verses we learned at the school, had sung, was "ample verge and room enough the characters of Hell to trace."

But schooldays over, life called me. I left the little town and the vision faded. Many books, indeed, came to be written, but none about fairies. Ostriches gave food for thought and must be written about; volumes on accountancy; agricultural text-books to be written or edited for a great Government; there was mention of my name in solemn German times as an authority on food values; playwriting. . . . .

And then, at last, came a day when my little daughters born in Africa said, "Daddy, tell us about the place you lived in when you were a little boy." So I sat down to jot down notes which might help me to suggest to them some of the glamour of that town which they had never seen.

Up from my subconscious mind rose the forty-year old thoughts like bubbles in a well. I saw myself a tiny lad coming home from Dame School through a street thronged with horse and foot soldiers, with frieze-coated men and peasant women in their hooded cloaks. An old gentleman standing on the steps of Hearne's Hotel beckons me to him out of harm's way.

Then were seen sights that Clonmel had never seen before. I had soon escaped from the hotel steps and *in medias res* heard the Riot Act read. The 48th Regiment were being stoned! Then hussars came charging — I had never known that horses could run so fast. But the peasant women stood up to them, throwing bottles, and were trampled underfoot the moment after. Then

the artillery are sent for to overawe the maddened people. Stones darkened the sky like locusts in Kaffirland.

Huddled impressions remain of dashing (my satchel gone) between horses' feet, of clambering up an iron pillar, of flying up a lofty flight of steps to the Country Club, whence I saw a horse, hit by a paving stone on the flank, drop stone-dead under its rider, who leaped on another and pursued the thrower. He fled for shelter to a narrow alley leading to houses where the "quality" had lived in bygone days when it had been dangerous to reside in a wide street wherein a crowd could collect to attack your dwelling. His pursuer, reaching him as he was all but through to safety, swung his sabre and cut his leg off!

One vision led to another and so, effortlessly, in place of notes, a book grew and became "Travelling Men" — the Irish term equivalent to "Tramps" in Britain, and to "Hoboes" in America.

A SALMON-WEIR AT CLONMEL

ISLE-OF-THE-SEA

By Caroline Dale Snedeker

ONE evening when a golden northern sunset was still lingering in the sky, we asked Padraic Colum to read us some of his poetry — a cruel request by the way. But sitting where he was in the twilight of the porch, he began to talk quietly, not as though he were remembering but saying something to us which had just occurred to him that moment. The poem opened:

"Will men not live on islands."

It was a true poem for it said something aloud which had always been in my mind just beyond the veil of knowing; that is, the beauty and strong purity of island life. I do not mean islands like New Zealand, which is too large; nor Long Island, which is too near the mainland, but one which is small and lies far out to sea — isolated — in the old meaning of that word. In short, I mean Nantucket.

Nantucket lies thirty miles out to sea. It is only twelve miles long and much of that is water. When you mount to any height,

OLD OCEAN'S PLAYTHING, NANTUCKET

as the old windmill or Sankaty Light, you see in every direction the stark horizon line, hyacinth blue. And generally you see the distant areas of white foam on the Rips and the Shoals which

make Nantucket waters so dangerous and inaccessible. Thus Nantucket folk are just themselves, like nobody else. They grow from their own roots, in their own soil, autochthonous.

The founding of Nantucket is characteristic. Thomas Macey, who lived in Salisbury, Massachusetts, gave shelter one night to three fleeing Quakers, two men and a woman. For this act of humanity he was hectored, questioned, and fined, until the New England in him rose in wrath against New England, and taking a small open boat, he and two others put out for a small sandy waste of an island he knew of. All Puritanism was a protest, but Nantucket was a protest beyond protest. How Macey ever had courage to live on that barren spot, I do not see. But he did, and brought his wife the following year. At this time, in 1660, came the ten founders and their ten associates to Nantucket. These twenty families thus became the "Families" of the island, proud names which are yet over the shops and on the streets. Names, in fact, which are all through our country. Whole villages in Ohio, Indiana, North Carolina, etc., were created by Nantucketers. For the sea which kept them so apart was always ready to carry swarms of them away.

Nantucket has what is probably the most perfect of all old American towns. You can walk up one street and down another, through narrow winding lanes and see only the old shingled houses, silky grey, no new ones at all. Even the town center is unspoiled. Main street marches under a long arch of solemn

elms. At sunset when the high interlacing branches are lighted from below by reflections from the sea, one is silenced by their beauty. Nantucket town is cosy, huddled together from the ocean blasts; but once you step beyond its streets, you are out in the infinite spaces — the Commons under the wide sky. Here you come upon exposed beaches so beaten by the waves that not a trace of man's work is there, not even driftwood. They look as the Indians knew them.

If the folk of Nantucket town had lived on the Continent, as they call the mainland, they would have wrung their livelihood from the stony fields round about them. The Nantucketers' field was the broad ocean. And at one time they ploughed it from the Arctic to the Antarctic. Clearly defined smallness on the one hand, world-wideness on the other, makes Nantucket life different from all others. We all know the Nantucket whalers. This tiny island supplied the whale oil to light half the cities of the world, including London.

The whaler's voyage lasted four years, sometimes longer. Thus the women were left on Nantucket to bring up their families single-handed. This developed a remarkable company of womanhood. A pre-Revolutionary writer describes them with

NORTH WHARF, NANTUCKET, MASS.

great interest. He is always reassuring us in regard to them. "They are really docile and lovable wives when their husbands come home. They are industrious, and modest and beautiful,

but ——!" Here follows a list of the shocking things they do, such as founding and running a business quite alone, expressing their opinion right before the men, controlling town affairs, and talking often when most women would keep silence. "But they talk well," he adds enthusiastically. "One likes to hear them, they are charming. You must not think they are unfeminine." The most remarkable of these women, Mary Starbuck, was the first white child born on the Island. She seems by sheer force of character to have had control of almost everything. No public deed was performed without her sanction. The front room of her house came to be called the "Parliament House" because all came there for judgments. It is interesting to see on the old documents, after the solemn row of worthies, her name written generally at the end and all by itself, *Mary Starbuck*.

Lucrezia Mott came of a later generation; Maria Mitchell, who even as a little girl of twelve, helped her father in his astronomical studies; Abiah Folger, the mother of Franklin.

The best of it is, this sturdiness of character and breadth of mind are still with the island folk of Nantucket. It is no small thing to sit quiet and hear them talking of Calleo, Canton, Chili, Easter Island and the captains who have been there, of brothers, husbands, fathers, who brought back news to them from the farthest countries of the globe. Of those who went and were "never sighted." "Mother waited three years before she gave up hope," said one.

All the world is divided into Nantucketers and Offislanders. When I read some Nantucket writings of mine to an Island lady for her criticism, both literary and local, she would surprise me by a sudden peal of laughter. "What's wrong?" I'd ask. "Oh, nothing," she said jokingly, "an Offislander would not know the difference."

Again when I had to change my boarding place, my landlady asked me solicitously, "What does she give you to eat?" "Oh, good things," I answered. "But," she said warningly, "she's an Offislander." A young Nantucket wife went to visit some relatives on the Cape, and while there a baby was somewhat unexpectedly born to her. When she returned her husband, instead of being thankful for a splendid little son and a wife in good health, said indignantly, "I never thought I'd have a child born Off Island!"

Such is their pride. Such is their home love. Even we Off-islanders who are there long enough, catch something of it. My love for my own native town is intense, yet I cannot help feeling that were that town an island the love would be different — a separate thing. It would have something that the sea gives, awe, mystery, the facing at every turn a vast beauty which beats down the little human mind into humility, a vast danger which calls forth all of human strength.

Editor's Note: Readers of "The Spartan," "Theras and His Town," or "The Perilous Seat" will be glad to know that Mrs. Snedeker's new book is a story of a little girl in Nantucket one hundred and fifty years ago. A reader of taste reports it as Mrs. Snedeker's best book—strong praise, we think. It will be published in the fall of 1927.

THE WALK

By Mary Starbuck*

Never a Captain grizzled and gray
Now climbs to the house-top walk,
Pipe and spyglass are put away:
But the wise ones sometimes talk

Of the pleasant ghosts that are peering still
Through the glasses out to sea,
Thinking back to the lure of the ships
And the life that used to be.

* Miss Starbuck is a descendant of the Mary Starbuck in Mrs. Snedeker's article. She is a true "Nantucketer." This poem is reproduced with her permission from the volume of her poems, "Nantucket and Other Verses."

FOLLOWING THE SEA

By Cornelia Meigs

ON a hot summer day in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-six, a sturdy boy of thirteen was trudging down the dusty road which led from the little town of Susquehanna Ferry to Baltimore. Behind him lay the broad Susquehanna marshes where he had fished and swum and hunted for all of the earlier years of his life. Behind also stood the comfortable home which he was leaving; but before him the fresh, salt air blew up from the sea. His father, George Rodgers, Colonel in the Revolutionary War, was the owner of farms and mills, of the ferry which plied across the river, and of the tavern on the southern shore. This was the house which received wayfarers who traveled the postroad between Virginia and New York. Many distinguished guests stopped often at that inn—Washington, Marshall, Madison and Adams sat down to the table in the inn parlor and discussed affairs of great moment. Young John Rodgers, the son of the owner, used to listen to the grave talk of great affairs; but he liked far better to sit on the bench in the common room, his legs dangling and his eyes wide with excitement, as he drank in the conversation of another class of guests. These were brown-faced men with blue coats and tarry pigtails, sailors from the ships landing and lading at Baltimore. The boy heard tales of voyages to Palos, Carthegena, the glittering port of Venice, and the pirate-infested coast of Barbary. Buccaneers, tempests, poorly-charted harbors, and privateers made every voyage hazardous.

And now, having drunk his fill of such tales of high-seas adventure, John Rodgers was off upon the Baltimore road, braving thirty-five miles of heat and dust. He had no more definitely worded purpose than the feeling that he must see the ships which had sailed to and from those ports of romance. Only schooners and fishing craft came up the river as far as Susquehanna Ferry; and John had reached the point when he must see something greater, must lay eyes upon some tall merchantmen, with stu'n-sails set, and royals, stending up Chesapeake Bay.

There was a clatter of horse's hoofs on the road behind him, as the boy's father came galloping in pursuit, red with haste and

anxiety. John faced about and the two met in spirited argument, there in the middle of the hot, white highway. Colonel Rodgers was a Scotchman by birth, and had many kinsfolk who were sailors upon those rocky, fog-haunted waters off England and Scotland which people called the Narrow Seas. He, himself, however, and his other children, were contented to stop ashore. He was troubled and wrathful that this zest for seafaring had overtaken one of his sons.

It was a long and desperate argument, stubborn Scotch will in the man contending against equally stubborn Scotch-American will and enterprise in the boy. And in the end it was the boy who won. The father, disturbed, but not too much so to be wise, decided that if the boy's heart and soul were really set upon his purpose, then go to sea he must. He agreed that if his son was determined to be a sailor, he would go with him to Baltimore and see that he was properly launched upon his career. In return he exacted from the boy certain promises of decent and temperate living, promises which were made and kept to the end of a long and adventurous life. Having made this agreement, the two set off again for Baltimore. Thus it came about that young John Rodgers put to sea, soon after, apprenticed to a Captain Folger, clearing in the ship *Maryland* for Bordeaux. There was probably tobacco in the hold, with salt fish and staves, to be exchanged for wine, silk, and velvets; and there was promise ahead of fighting with the Barbary Pirates. The boy's heart was full of every emotion that a boy can feel as he sailed away.

It was a hard life, that upon which he had entered, a life of long labors, of many blows and of little ease. He found that Captain Folger could teach him the best of seamanship; but he found also that the way to that learning was far from an easy one. Yet the boy never regretted the way which he had chosen; he rose steadily and was shortly a mate and then captain of a ship when he was nineteen.

Those famous men who had sat about his father's table, consulting over their weighty task, at last carried their great labors to an end and, in the year seventeen eighty-seven, brought about the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. The new government provided definitely for a Navy; although it was not until seventeen ninety-four that the authorities set about building ships and commissioning officers. The keels of six frigates

were laid in the boatyards of New England and the South, ships whose names, every one of them, still live in American history: the *Constitution,* the *United States,* the *President,* the *Constellation,* the *Congress* and the *Chesapeake.* There was to be much work for those stout vessels; since the good repute and the gallant spirit of a new country was to be assailed more than once in the next few years, and was to be splendidly upheld by the untried Navy. A war with France, a war with the swarming pirates of the Barbary Coast, who had been exacting tribute from older and stronger nations, a war with England — the new ships and the young officers were to see them all. Only one of those vessels is now afloat; but the history and romance of the whole six hover about her worn timbers and thin, old sails as she lies peacefully rocking in her berth at Constitution Wharf. She was the ship in which John Rodgers took his greatest pleasure and pride; for he was to command her in time of war.

The first of the Lieutenants commissioned in the new Navy was John Rodgers, who would rather thus serve his country — and seek the chance of fighting — than command his own ship. He sailed on the *Constellation,* which was sent to cruise in the West Indies. There she speedily fell in with the French ship *L'Insurgente* and fought with her one of those famous sea duels which have marked with glory the records of the Old Navy. A sea battle then was not a matter of long range guns and heavy armament; it was a desperate matching of wits and skill in the trimming of the great spread of sail, in manoeuvering between the enemy and the wind in spite of rigging carried away and spars shattered, in standing away on a close-hauled tack to swing quickly and come down before the wind raking with flaming broadsides as each ship passed the other. When, after a gallant struggle, the *Insurgente* struck her colors, Lieutenant Rodgers was put aboard her with a prize crew. A high wind separated the two vessels almost immediately; whereupon the hundred and sixty French prisoners made a determined effort to regain possession of their ship. The twelve Americans had little sleep for three days and nights as they guarded the hatchways with blunderbus and cutlass, threatening instant death to any Frenchman who attempted to come up from the hold. Only once before, on his own ship, had John Rodgers faced a mutiny. It was when a gale had driven him into far Northern seas, when his

stores were almost exhausted and three of his men had died of cold in a single night. The sails and rigging were iron hard in their frozen sheath; and no man, no matter how peremptorily he was ordered, would go aloft. The captain had clambered up alone to battle with the ice-bound ropes and canvas, until, in very shame, his crew had followed him. Although John Rodgers was to have many hazardous adventures, although he was to command the Navy's greatest ships and was to be that Navy's highest ranking officer for many years, he took far less pride in that aspect of his career than in this one fact — that in all his seafaring life he never lost a ship or ran aground with one, that the seamanship which he had learned in those hard-driven apprentice days stood him in good stead to the end of his last voyage.

FROM "MASTER SIMON'S GARDEN"

His larger work in the service of his country has been set down in the chronicles of the Navy; it is the smaller adventures of his varied life which have been preserved in familiar tradition by his children and grandchildren. While he was still a young officer in the merchant marine, he was ashore, one day, in the streets of Liverpool, at a time so soon after the Revolution that Americans were looked upon with black disfavor in any English port. He happened to be walking through the street of butchers' stalls, when the jeers and abuse of the crowd which had begun to follow him rose to its loudest. One huge fellow, in his butcher's apron and girded with a great leather belt from which hung his knife and cleaver, came blustering up to the young sailor with such a torrent of insults and threats that John Rodgers paused, listened attentively for a moment, then, being a lad of quite extraordinary strength, he lifted the big butcher bodily and hung him by the belt to one of the great meat-hooks

above his stall. The victim bellowed with rage; but the crowd shouted with delight; and John Rodgers continued his way unmolested.

He chanced, after the close of the French war, to be cruising off the harbor of Cape François, of the Island of Santo Domingo, during the struggle between Napoleon, Emperor of France, and Toussaint, the negro leader who had made himself Emperor of Santo Domingo. Since the French fleet was on the point of capturing the city of Cape François, the negroes decided to burn the place rather than lose it to the enemy. As the first flames went up, the half-savage black men went wild with rage and excitement, so that a fearful night followed, of fire, pillage and murder. Captain Rodgers had himself put ashore and spent the whole of the night in the blazing town. The barracks were burned; the magazine exploded; the warehouses were broken open and set in flames, letting a flaming stream of melted sugar and burning rum flow through the streets. A party of friendly negroes fell in with John Rodgers, took him for their leader and, with his aid, rescued some property and many lives. The fire died down at last, the marauding negroes retreated; and the French Admiral, hearing of Rodgers' efforts at rescue, sent for him. As a reward for his efforts, John Rodgers was thrown into prison, into a black, wet, pesthole, where he remained some three weeks. Then, the Frenchman having changed his mind, Captain Rodgers was set free and ordered to leave the island instantly, under threat of death. There seemed no method of going, save by the long-boat of a departed ship; but he was told he must put to sea in that, since nothing else offered. A friendly schooner finally took him aboard and carried him to an American port.

The brief war between America and France was followed by another encounter, that struggle which is set down in official records as the War with the Barbary Corsairs. John Rodgers was a Commodore now, and, with the *Constitution* as his flagship, carried out the final phase of the hostilities and arranged for peace. He treated with various important potentates, the Bey of Tunis, the Dey of Algiers, the Pasha of Tripoli and the Sultan of Morocco. Fat and magnificent gentlemen they were, very black and very wily, not fond of war, but fond indeed of gold and loth to give up the wealth brought to them by their

thriving business of piracy. There was much negotiation, in the course of which Americans were often attacked in the streets of the North African cities, when on their way to or from an audience with the dusky ruler in question. There was at last open fighting between the United States and the Barbary Powers and, finally, honorable peace with substantial pledges that the wholesale practice of robbery upon the high seas would come to an end. Among the articles of personal property which the Commodore's descendants possess, is a seal ring with a carved and ancient stone, which he picked up in Italy during some Mediterranean voyage. The stone itself is broken across, cracked, so it is said, by the force with which John Rodgers hit some antagonist during a street riot in a hostile port. Tradition has lost the name of the person and the place; but his children like to believe that it was the hard head of some Moorish pirate which came in contact with that carved stone and broke it.

Some years later, when hostilities with England were approaching, Commodore Rodgers, now in command of the frigate *President,* took part in that encounter with the *Little Belt* which was one of the most important events leading up to the War of 1812. It happened that, during this war, John Rodgers' outstanding adventure was not on the sea, during the cruises he made to the West Indies and to the coast of England, but on land. It will be remembered that, in 1814, a British fleet landed forces on the shore of Chesapeake Bay, defeated, with their veterans of Waterloo, the hastily gathered American militia which faced them at Bladensburg, and proceeded to march to Washington where they burned the Capitol. Hearing of further hostile forces in the neighborhood, they retreated hastily from that expedition, but, having reached their ships in safety, they next turned the attention of fleet and soldiers upon Baltimore. John Rodgers, whose ship was refitting at Philadelphia, heard of the expedition too late to render aid to Washington, but came to the rescue of Baltimore, with a rapidly mustered regiment of sailors and marines. He sunk a row of vessels to block the mouth of the Basin, and organized such forces of defence as Baltimore had at her disposal. There were spirited encounters on the Chesapeake and the Potomac, when the enemy returned to its attack upon Washington; there were three days of brisk fighting with the land and sea forces threatening Balti-

more, until, after nearly a month of thwarted effort, the British fleet weighed anchor and abandoned its efforts to harry the shores of Chesapeake Bay.

The Commodore and his men regarded the whole affair as a great joke. Rodgers made much game of the figure he cut on horseback, galloping from position to position of his extended command, and experiencing all the traditional difficulties of a sailor on horseback. "The crew of the captain's gig," mounted, also, to their great discomfort, constituted his bodyguard. When a command was given in the field, the ranks responded with a shout of "Aye, aye, sir," in most unmilitary fashion. During a skirmish one officer ordered loudly, "Charge," but with no effect, until, recollecting himself he roared out, "Board 'em," whereat the blue line rushed forward and routed the enemy. Yet, in spite of the comic aspect of the affair, it was a critical situation, bravely defended and ably saved.

The war ended; peace came, and with it many duties still for the broad-sailed Navy. Greek pirates were annoying American trade in the Mediterranean; African slavers were stealing into Southern ports with their forbidden cargoes; there were still plenty of buccaneers left in the West Indies to prey upon American shipping. The United States, so far, had possessed only frigates and smaller vessels; now, having grown to greater power and prosperity, she was building a line of battleships, to uphold her dignity abroad and to police the Spanish Main. The later years of John Rodgers' life were spent in superintending the construction of these vessels. In the first of them to be sent overseas, the *North Carolina,* he sailed to the Mediterranean and revisited all the haunts where a very young Commodore had fought the battles of a very young country.

That eagerness for seafaring which had carried a boy of thirteen along the hot road to Baltimore in search of ships, was not to die with John Rodgers. His son and namesake, Admiral John Rodgers, achieved distinction in the Civil War, his grandson and namesake, another Admiral, fought with honor in the War with Spain, his great-grandson and namesake, only a year ago, launched out from San Francisco in the first attempt to fly to Hawaii and, after nine days, five of them spent in floating and starving, brought his spent vessel and his men safely to their destined harbor.

Drawn by Decie Merwin, to picture the two great interests of her friend, Cornelia Meigs' childhood,— ships and gardens.

As the Commodore had left a large family of sons and daughters, there are many of his descendants, bearing other names than his own, who are still following the sea. A hundred years after that day of his first setting out into the world, his great-granddaughter began life in a small town in the Middle West. She grew up on the shore of a great blue river; she had a big garden to play in, with hiding places in the overgrown lilac bushes, with cherry trees of fairy-like beauty and rich red harvest, with tall pines whose comfortable branches seemed to have grown especially for children's climbing. She played the pine trees were rocking masts; she would pretend that she was a sailor in the crows-nest, keeping watch for pirate sail. Her sisters made up games having to do with Robin Hood and Little John, with emigrants crossing the prairies; but she was playing long games of her own that had to do with ships. She made up stories, nonsensical tales that would never bear telling, that were all about the sea. The stories which she heard about her great-grandfather and his children, the blood of his which she had inherited, all turned her thoughts to seafaring. She was nine years old before she first saw the sea and she has, since then, spent as much of her time near it as circumstances would possibly allow.

What she had heard and read of the voyages of the first John Rodgers turned her to the study of the ships in which he sailed, and the vessels he fought and captured. She has spent long hours of intense pleasure in seeking out and identifying the intricacies of ketches, feluccas, and vessels "polacre rigged," of brigs and barques and barquentines, of all the grace and beauty of old ship building. When she grew old enough to make stories for other children to read, those tales tended to be about ship building and sailormen. She keeps her papers and manuscripts in John Rodgers' little green sea chest that went with him to the wars and back again. And whenever she takes up her pen to begin a new piece of work, the spirit of the old Commodore is prone to whisper in her ear—"Let it be about ships."

THE STORIES OF CORNELIA MEIGS

By Elinor Whitney

MY interest in Miss Meigs' books began with the very first one she wrote, "The Kingdom of the Winding Road." I read this with group after group of children which as soon as the book was finished was eager to begin again, and every time the beggar's silver pipe sounded or his tattered red cloak flashed by, a sigh of content would pass around, for then the children were sure that the worst could not happen, for that strangely mystifying, but beloved beggar could straighten out the most tangled of circumstances.

After this book, which was a series of stories connected only by the winding road and the part the brown-faced beggar played, Miss Meigs wrote "Master Simon's Garden," a really fine story laid in a little Puritan town of the New England colonies.

The first part of this is of Master Simon himself, a delightfully portrayed character of a clear-visioned Puritan who against the background of his bright-flowering garden, a rebuke in itself to the rigid Puritanism which would cut all color and gaiety from life, stands serene in his fight against intolerance.

The second part is mostly concerned with his great-grandchild Stephen, and the period is that of the Revolution. Through it also the garden, with its hawthorn tree brought as a tiny sprig from England by Master Simon himself, makes a vivid streak of color and beauty as the story of the second and third generation of Master Simon's family unfolds. The structure of the story is complicated as it is also in the books that followed, "The Pool of Stars," "The Windy Hill" and "Rain-on-the-Roof," for instead of separate stories lightly linked together, as in "The Kingdom of the Winding Road," we have a continuous story with short stories embedded in it. Although the material of the "story within the story" is in every case exceptionally good, the result is a poorly constructed whole where the action is often slow, and the plot involved.

"The New Moon" is not open to this criticism, for it is a swiftly moving story of a young Irish lad, his lucky sixpence, his dog, and his firm friend, Thomas Garrity, and the part they

all played in the settling of the Mississippi valley. This is a fine story, and perhaps the most popular of all with boys and girls.

Every book that Miss Meigs has written bears the mark of careful workmanship. One can easily see that she delights in ships and gardens, for they feature largely in each one of them. Her gardens are the old world gardens with herbs and sundials and enclosures with clipped hedges, and her ships are the great merchant ships with sails spread to the hot tropical winds.

FROM "THE KINGDOM OF THE WINDING ROAD"

NEW BOOKS

THE HOUSE WITHOUT WINDOWS, and Eepersip's Life There, by BARBARA NEWHALL FOLLETT.

Alfred A. Knopf $2.00

On the third of January there came quietly into The Bookshop a beautiful small volume bound in rich orange paper with an all-over design of black alder berries and green leaves. The book was printed in that beautiful modified type of William Caslon which the Chiswick Press revived early in the nineteenth century.

"In a little brown shingled cottage on one of the foothills of Mount Varcrobis, there lived with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Eigleen, a little girl named Eepersip. She was rather lonely." This was the beginning of the story of little Eepersip Eigleen, who set out one July day with a small lunch-basket of crackers and sandwiches and found "living wild" so much more satisfying than the usual life in houses that she never went home to live again. Her father and mother were dreadfully troubled and tried again and again to capture her but Eepersip always escaped, sometimes with the help of her friends the deer, and once with the help of her kitten, Snowflake, and Chippy the Chipmunk.

At first she explored the beautiful meadows and woods part way up Mount Varcrobis. She dressed herself in flowers and ferns and in winter she slept in an old fox-hole and was glad her father and mother had put her warm winter coat where she could find it. In the third year she went to the ocean; swam and dived like a mermaid; was carried almost out to sea on a raft; made friends with a small boy, Toby; and tried to have her little sister, Fleuriss, join her in her wild life. At length Eepersip felt the call of the mountains and climbed Eiki-ennern Peak and there, on a beautiful summer morning, the fairies brought her a secret from Nature. What the secret was — you must read for yourself and see.

Here was a puzzling book, indeed! Written entirely from a child's standpoint in a way no grown-up could manage, it was yet beautifully written in lyric prose, with here and there some verse.

"She sometimes made up words for her melodies — little songs of Nature. She would sing them ove. and over, sometimes ringingly, sometimes in a murmur.

"Buttercups are smiling
To see the butterflies
Feathering so softly,
Rainbowing the skies. . . .

"The Wind is snowing butterflies,
Fairy golden showers;
Misty the air with dancing wings;
The sun is raining flowers.

"She told the deer that *she* felt like a butterfly, and that the wind was snowing *her* when she danced. And then she gave them handfuls of lush grass."

Here is a description of a stormy wind-swept night by the sea just before Eepersip goes to get her little sister:

"The waves mounted higher than any Eepersip had ever seen before, topped with flying snow-white spray. They leaped the highest cliffs, thundered on the wet rocks, and then retreated, swashing down through the cracks with a strange, hollow sound and sweeping the seaweeds wildly up and down. The wind sounded as on a mountain-top, a curious mixture of high-pitched whistling and bass droning. Occasionally it would rise into a terrific scream, making the waves rage with the uncanny storm-green. At the crisis of the storm Eepersip, who had been standing on the beach watching, her curls flying, her

A drawing by Dorothy Lathrop which expresses Eepersip's glorious feeling of freedom. Not drawn for the book, which, most fittingly, has no illustrations.

ferns fluttering and often tearing loose, flung herself into the storm from a high rock, and was swept about like a tiny insect, disappearing under a wave, bobbing up to take a breath just as the next breaker washed over her. She had a glorious time out in the waves and the spray. The sea-gulls shrieked; sometimes they struck at a fish and appeared all covered with spray and shaking the drops from their wings — strong narrow wings that beat down the air as the birds rose again, to hover and swoop and plunge. These marvelous birds, being blown wildly in the gale reminded Eepersip of the swallows, as they were tossed about by the high pasture winds — the swallows she had loved so when she lived on the meadow."

The reading of the book brought to one grown-up thinking longingly of the woods and the seashore in spring a joyous substitute for the real experience. Many grown-ups will like it for the same reason, and the children who enjoy "Water Babies," "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," "Little Boy Lost" or "The Wind in the Willows" will like it.

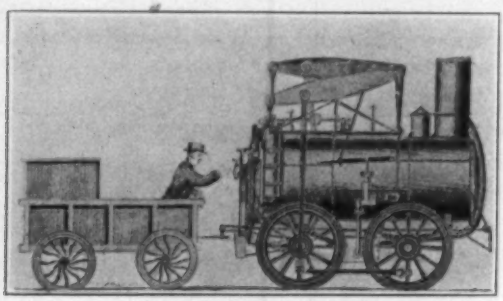
But how did it come to be? The author's father has explained in an interesting "Historical Note" at the end of the story that the book was written in a "dingy, sunless and cramped apartment," during one year when the child "had been forced to live in tawdry surroundings." In the opening week of January, 1923, after the serious ceremonial of pinning the sign quoted below to the door of her room, Barbara began her story as a gift for her mother on her own ninth birthday, March 4.

"Nobody may come into this room if the door is shut tight (if it is shut not quite latched it is all right) without knocking. The person in the room if he agrees that one shall come in will say 'come in', or something like that and if he does not agree to it he will say 'not yet, please,' or something like that. The door may be shut if nobody is in the room but if a person wants to come in, knocks and hears no answer that means that there is no one in the room and he must not go in.

Reason. If the door is shut tight and a person is in the room the shut door means that the person in the room wishes to be left alone."

The Historical Note tells many other interesting things about the writing of the book and how it came to be published.

Here is a book unlike any other, and rarely lovely. Don't forget it on May Day — hang it on door knobs instead of May Baskets, or else put it *in* the basket!



TRAINS, TRACKS AND TRAVEL, by T. W. VAN METRE, Professor of Transportation, Columbia University.
Simmons-Boardman $3.50

"We live and work together in the world today. Do you ever think about where the things you see all about you came from? This afternoon I made some tea. I lighted the gas fire with a match that came from Sweden and boiled the water in an aluminum kettle made in Germany. The tea leaves grew in China. I made the tea in a Japanese teapot and drank it from a Japanese cup. I sweetened it with sugar made of the juice of Cuban sugar cane, and flavored it with the slice of a lemon that grew on a tree in California.

"Every day we all use many things which came from far-off parts of the world, and every day the people of other parts of the world use many things which came from our own country. We live together in the world by trading with one another."

These paragraphs are taken from the first chapter of Professor Van Metre's book. After showing the interdependence of countries, he tells how transportation has developed to meet the growing needs and he carries the history of America along as the background for the story of its roads and railroads. Every phase is covered:— Our Steam Railroads; The Railroad Track; The Locomotive; Freight Cars; Passenger Train Cars; Passenger Stations and Terminals; Freight Terminals; The Operation of Trains. The book has splendid pictures and an index.

B. E. M.

THE HUNT BREAKFAST

IN this section of The Horn Book the Editors mean to present informal and random contacts with writers or readers. We extend to all our friends the most cordial invitation to any Hunt Breakfast, the only requirement being something entertaining to say.

Monica Shannon Wing, the author of "California Fairy Tales," sends the following poem to The Horn Book from her ranch in Tulare County, California.

Mountain Fogs and Ships

(Have you ever seen a Fog in forests eight thousand feet above the sea, a great Fog with a habit of hiding things as big as Silver Pines?)

Ho, Fogs that lurk around the town,
Or slouch along the quay,
Are dingy, sodden-hearted Fogs.
How could they love the sea?

But Fogs that seek Sierra slopes
Have gone with joyous feet,
Knowing what high adventure is.
Their breath with youth full sweet.

These stir the quiet Silver Pines
With dreams of being ships,
And riding toppling combers by—
Great steeds with foaming lips—

And herding Stars like shoals of fish,
When Stars run in the sea,
For a Fog can't touch a Silver Pine
That won't stir restlessly!

And we who love the eager ways,
The daring, not the meek,
Go questing with the Mountain Fogs,
For ships are the dreams we seek.

Monica Shannon.

Sonia Lustig, author of "Roses of the Winds." Mrs. Alfred Lustig sends a letter from Florida:—

In Paris, in one of the narrow, crooked streets back of the Place de l'Opéra, a street already condemned but as yet not officially closed, in the basement of a narrow, crooked old house is a tiny shop of a watchmaker. It had attracted my attention because it displayed in the dusty window, alongside with old tarnished watches and broken clocks, some very interesting engravings, prints, and bookplates. I tried the door and found it locked — at ten o'clock in the morning!

Boyé Portrait

MONICA SHANNON

A small, beautifully penned notice almost hidden among the display, informed those whom it might concern that the owner was to be in from 2 until 3 P.M. I could not come back that afternoon, so I called the very next day at 2 P.M. sharp, only to find from the notice that the shop had been open from eleven until noon. Next day I missed my connection by ten minutes; for several days the shop was not open at all. At the end of two weeks I was fortunate to surprise the elusive owner at 7 P.M., just as he was taking off his leather apron preparatory to leaving. He was gray-haired, long-nosed and so thin that it was no effort for him to come to meet me through a narrow passage between bookcases which even his big black cat found a tight squeeze.

"What can I do for you?" not very graciously.

"You do not keep regular hours in your shop?"

"I have other work to do, Madame. I should be going now," this time almost gruffly.

"I have been here many times, Monsieur, and could not get in. Couldn't you show me some of your prints? They look very interesting."

He unbent a little, very, very little.

"Which ones, Madame?"

"I should like to look through them all."

"As you wish, Madame. I have hundreds of scrap books full of them. Those are only a small part of them."

He pointed to rows and rows of large books piled one on top of the other. I gasped.

"If Madame would tell me of her preference."

Madame replied meekly and very indefinitely that she would like something very good, old, genuine and not expensive. He pulled out two top books.

"*Voila!* look them over while I telephone that I am detained. The price is marked on every picture."

After five minutes of frantic turning of the leaves and unable to make a choice I had to appeal for help.

"Monsieur, are all these prints genuine old prints? Some of them seem . . . are . . . do not seem to be genuine."

"Cannot you tell by the paper, by this and by that, whether or not they are genuine?"

"No, Monsieur, I wish I could. But I know nothing about prints. I am getting them for my friend and I would like to make a good choice. Won't you, please, help me?"

He looked at me quizzically. "You want my help?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"So you are not one of those tourists who think they know it all?"

"Oh, no, I wish I knew more."

He looked at me again, even more quizzically than before, and a broad, impish, boyish grin spread all over his face, lifted the corners of his mouth and made his eyes sparkle with fun.

"Give me that junk," he said, and contemptuously threw aside both books.

"I keep them for the wise rats who come here to hunt for bargains, trying to get a good thing for nothing. *Eh, bien,* tell me how much you can spend? What subjects do you prefer? What period?"

As I could offer no answer except to the amount of money at my disposal, he moved his chair nearer to mine, spread a book of prints on our knees, and began to choose for me. He touched the pictures almost caressingly and explained to me as he went along their merits, their brief history, their good points and the bad ones which made the price within my reach. His erudition was amazing, his love for the truly beautiful more so, his comments were clear and often witty,

his knowledge of events and people was first hand and reliable. Most of the rare contemporary bookplates of prominent people were autographed for him by the owners. He knew many of them almost intimately. He did not brag. Many details slipped out in conversation without his being aware of it. Of course the bookplates were not for sale. He kept them locked in the safe and showed them to me only after he had learned that collecting bookplates was also my hobby. My collection is as yet very meagre, mostly donated by friends. Some of his came from India, China, Japan, United States.

He had traveled a good deal, he evidently had plenty of money to invest in rarest prints marked "not for sale," and yet he chose to keep on with the little shop in the basement, to wear a leather apron and to tinker at broken watches and clocks.

News of Rose Fyleman and A. A. Milne. Reported by C. Ethel Ranney of The Bookshop Staff.

News and information, too, travel in all sorts of ways. This little story came to us while conversing with a most delightful Bookshop visitor.

"Have you any of Rose Fyleman's poems?"

"Yes, indeed, all her collections. We are very fond of them."

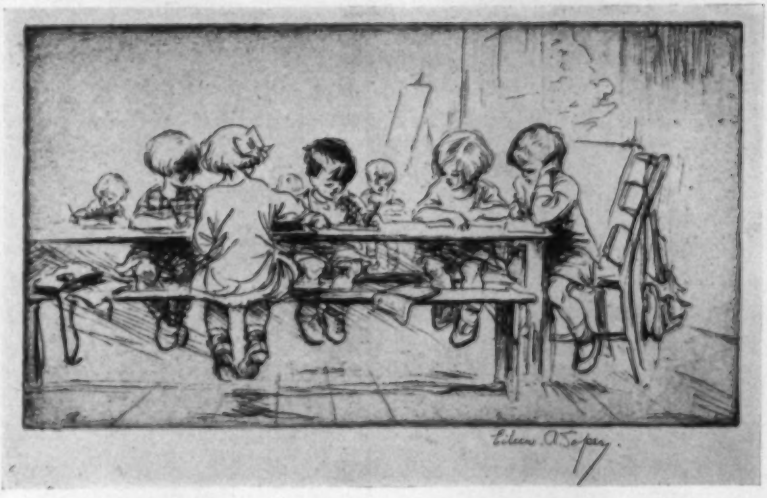
"Oh, I'm so glad. She is one of my best friends — in fact she dedicated her little book of plays to me.

"You know she taught singing in England for many years, and on the side wrote fairy poems and stories; but she could not get them published! She was too modest to push herself after a refusal. We urged and urged her to send something to *Punch*. She felt that would be very daring, but finally she did try some poems. They were accepted immediately and she was asked for more. Just as soon as they began appearing in *Punch* she received requests for exclusive rights to her work from four of the publishers who had refused her before!

"After a while she decided to start a children's magazine. Through her work with *Punch* she had met many stimulating people who were interested in her ideas. Among her new friends was Mr. A. A. Milne. She decided to write him, asking if he would contribute to her little magazine. He replied that he would be delighted and enclosed a poem he'd just written with the approval of his small son. The title was 'Geraniums Red and Delphiniums Blue.' This appeared in the first number of *Merry-Go-Round*.

"Miss Fyleman wrote again thanking him and asking how much *Merry-Go-Round* owed *him*. Mr. Milne answered that he'd had such fun writing the poem, he needed no further payment. If, however, she wanted to be awfully kind, she could send Christopher Robin a year's subscription to the magazine.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST
TO
SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS



SPECIAL SERVICE TO SCHOOLS

Loan Collection — History Books

FOR several years The Bookshop has looked forward to building up special collections of books which might be loaned to schools at a distance from good libraries and museums. A small start has now been made with Medieval and English History and Early American History. We list below a number of books for sale or for loan to teachers or schools. The fee for individual books is four cents a day (eight cents a day on books listing at $4.00 or more). To a school borrowing a collection of books — five or more for a period of a week or longer — the fee is figured at the rate of two cents a day on a dollar, the list price of the book being the basis of reckoning, *e.g.*, ten dollars worth of books would cost a school twenty cents a day or $1.40 for the week. The collection to date includes some out-of-print books which may be borrowed but not purchased. In the selection effort has been made to gather the unusual book less likely to be known to teachers and less easily available.

It is not possible to give notes on all the books mentioned on page 55, but we should like to call attention to a few new books.

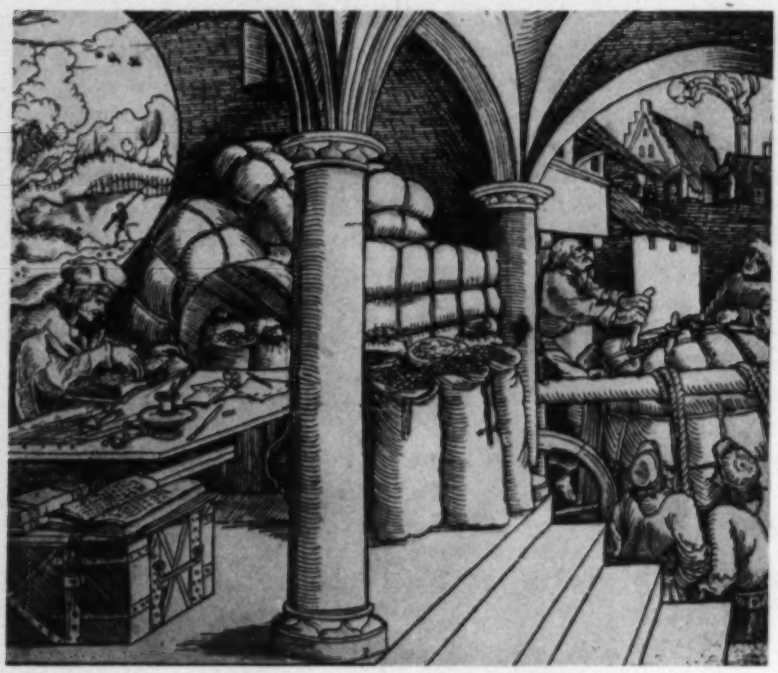
LIFE AND WORK OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, a Pictorial Record from Contemporary Sources, by DOROTHY HARTLEY and MARGARET M. ELLIOT, *Batsford, London* *Putnam, New York*

The Fifteenth Century	Price $2.50
The Sixteenth Century	Price 2.50

In these two volumes, the teacher-authors have brought together from museum and special library sources pictures "to give a view of the social life of the century through the eyes of the people who lived in it." . . . "A general introduction outlines the characteristics of the century, and a series of notes gives points of detail which, it is hoped, will be found interesting."—Preface.

Each book contains ninety-six plates reproduced from material found in such sources as the Manuscript Room of the British Museum, the Library and Print-Room of the Victoria and

Albert Museum, the Bodleian Library, Oxford, the Cambridge Libraries, the Society of Antiquaries, and the collection of Sir Robert Witt. These books are modern in the best sense and wonderful picture books. Other volumes in preparation are The Conquest to 1300; The Fourteenth Century; The Seventeenth Century; The Eighteenth Century.



A MARKET HALL AND MERCHANT ACCOUNTANT
(Life and Work of the People of England, 16th Century)

BOYS AND GIRLS OF HISTORY, by Eileen and Rhoda Power *Cambridge University Press* $2.75

It is useful for its presentations in story form of the small cross-sections of children's lives in the many different periods. Interesting, too, as showing at how early an age children began learning from the school of life itself in times earlier than our own. One of the stories treats of a period and setting little known, at least to American boys and girls, the Court of Jahangir, the

Great Mogul of India, and the building of factories by the English, as a result of the opening up of trade by the East India Company, told from the standpoint of the page to Sir Thomas Roe, then England's Ambassador to India. As the *Horn Book* goes to press there has just come from the Oxford University Press the diary of Sir Thomas Roe himself.

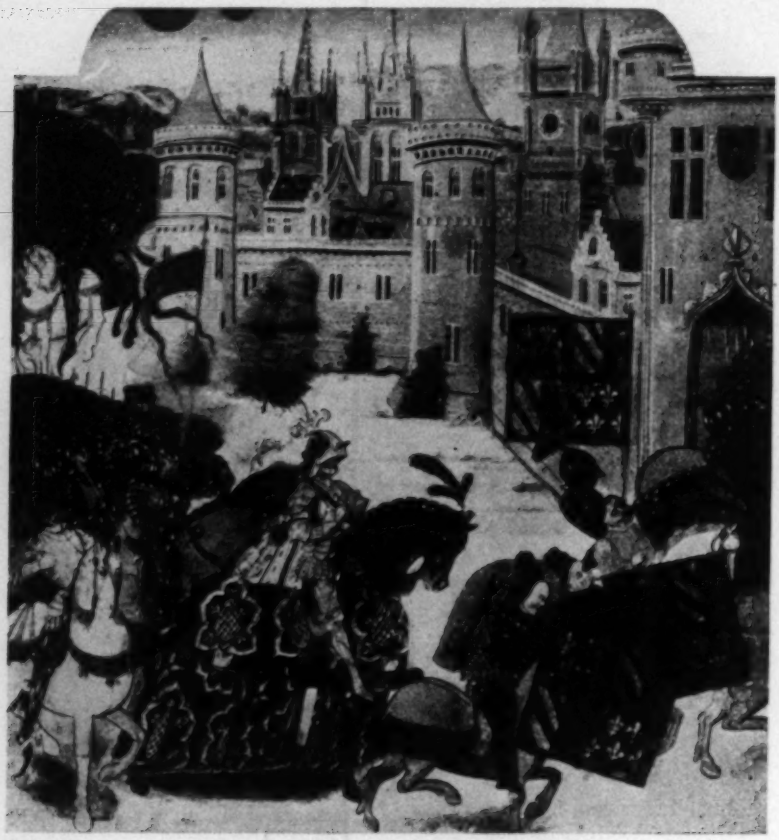
A SCENE IN OLD VIRGINIA
(Boys and Girls of History)

DOCUMENTS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND (1066-1500). Translated and Edited by R. TREVOR DAVIES.
Dutton $3.25

Today in our study of history we want to know the facts. These are better studied from contemporary documents than from "the prejudiced and often obsolete observations of a text-book." So the author states in his Preface. He also adds, "A sounder reason for the use of original sources is that the application of historical criticism to documents, and the balancing of one document against another, is a process of the highest educational value, and a matchless mental discipline." Among the original sources quoted are the Domesday Book, Le Court Baron, Statutes of the Realm, Charters, Assizes, Trials, Manorial Courts, William of Malmesbury's "Chronicle of the Kings of England," Joinville's "Chronicles of the Crusade of St. Louis," "The Voyages and Travels of Sir John Maundeville," the works of Roger Bacon, the Paston Letters, the Stonor Papers.

THE HISTORY REFERENCE BUREAU

What Mr. Davies has undertaken to do in a *book,* six co-operating schools and The Bookshop for Boys and Girls are attempting to do with a *special service.* Teachers need more original material than is easily accessible or than there is time in



AN ARMY IN TRIUMPHANT PROCESSION ENTERING A CITY
(Life and Work of the People of England, 15th Century)

their lives to search out and make available for classroom use. Realizing this need the Beaver Country Day, Buckingham, Cambridge-Haskell, Shady Hill and Winsor Schools and Derby Academy are trying out this year together with The Bookshop the employment of a trained student of history, Mr. Henry

Copley Greene. Mr. Greene works in the libraries of the region and other places and brings to the teachers unusual or interesting material. He has been occupied thus far with two subjects: Colonial American History to the Revolution, and Medieval History. He has issued to date for the use of teachers and pupils twenty mimeographed bulletins. The list of these is too long to print in this magazine, but The Bookshop will be glad to furnish it on application, and the bulletins may be purchased by any school. Prices vary from 10c to 25c, according to the number of pages. The Medieval Series has included a Bulletin on Richard Coeur de Lion's Prison Song with the music (No. 13); Early English Songs (No. 11); Troubadour Songs on King John and Henry III (No. 6). A number of later bulletins will have to do with Toulouse, a Medieval City frequented by French, English and Flemish, and offering a particularly rich background for the social life of the times.

Colonial American History Bulletins have covered among other subjects English Events as seen from the Colonies (No. 9); The Slave Trade (No. 14); Education in the Colonies (No. 8).

A coöperative card catalog of source material has been started to which teachers may contribute and from which they may draw suggestions. Office hours are held at the schools maintaining the Bureau, so that Mr. Greene may keep in close touch with their current history courses and may confer with teachers about source material they wish to secure. An interesting collection of photographs and maps is available for loaning to schools.

The teachers meet occasionally at The Bookshop for Round Table discussions. The other day a group from the six schools — teachers of history, literature, music and art — met to plan with Mr. Greene the series of bulletins on Toulouse and on certain aspects of life in the middle ages. They heard the story of a dispute over ownership of a slave in a free city, the account of a lord's extravagant young son spending his father's funds at a fair, and other excerpts of delightful flavor, chosen from primary source material, much of it not available to teachers save through the bulletins. They listened to the singing of some old French songs, stern Crusading songs, gay secular songs, and chose the ones they thought might be used in their schools. They talked over the ways in which future bulletins would fit into their teaching, and the enjoyment children always find in first